

Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old

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MR. E. Z. MARK.

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1. STRANGER—You're Mr. Mark, ain't you? Well, that's Flim-flam Fred. I've just bet him one hundred dollars that you will change for me a two-hundred dollar Confederate note. Now, you give me the change so I will win the bet and I'll divide the winnings with you. Do it, and you'll win fifty dollars, see.



2. MR. E. Z.—By Jove! I'm just sporty enough to be in on half of a bet like that. There's your two hundred in good money. Now, give me the Confederate note.
STRANGER—And here is your fifty dollars—half of the hundred we win on the bet. Be careful, don't let him catch on to the conspiracy.



3. STRANGER—You lost, Flim-flam. Mr. Mark did change the note. I win your hundred, see.
MR. E. Z.—Oh, ho, ho! That's the easiest fifty I ever struck in my life. Wonder that other fellow wasn't suspicious. I must tell Mary about this.



4. MR. E. Z.—But, hold on—where do I stand? I win that fifty and I paid out in change two hundred dollars—Ye gods! I've been flim-flammed! I'm one hundred and fifty behind the game. Ye gods! HOW OLD IS JANE?

NOW WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?



If, when up in your balloon, You should bump into the moon,



Apologize at once, and with a smile,



But if (this is between us), It should happen to be Venus,



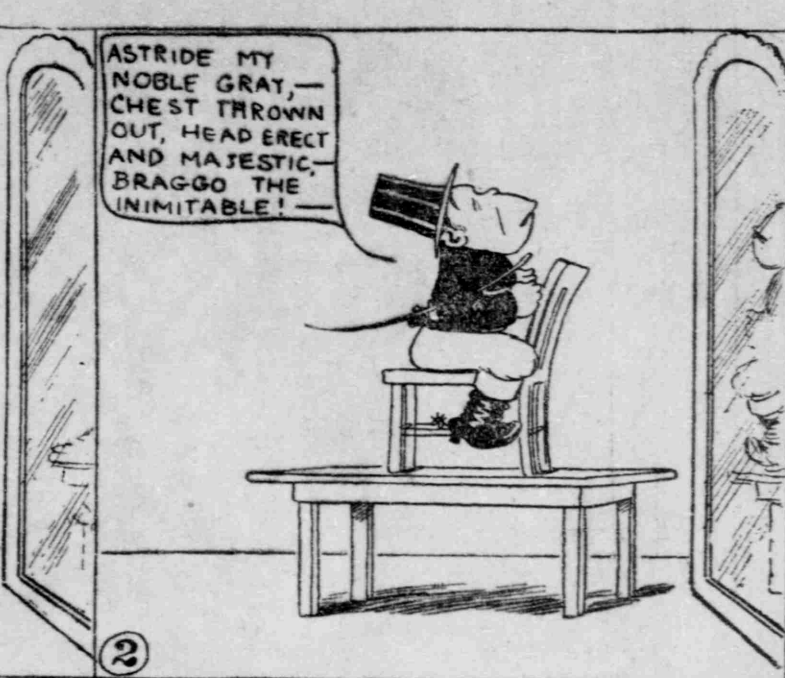
If I were you I'd stop and stay a while.

BRAGGO THE MONK.

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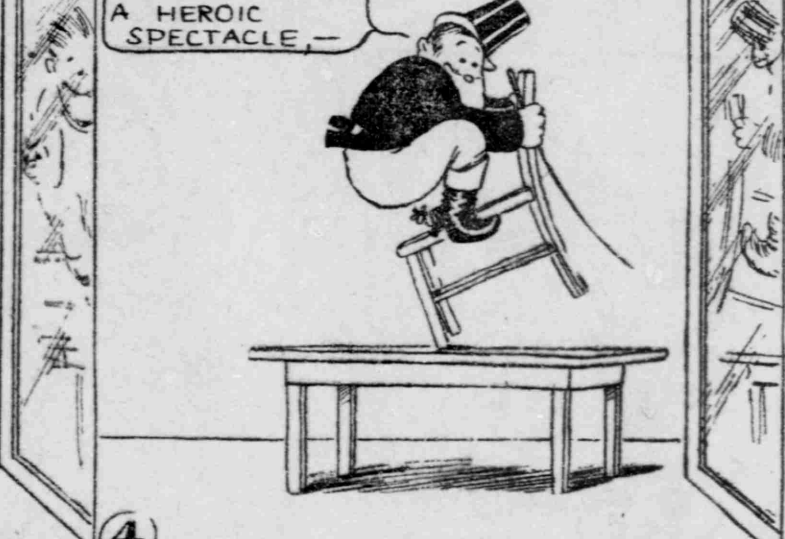
WON'T THE LADIES IN THE PARK STARE WHEN THEY SEE ME COME BY IN THESE IMMACULATE RIDING TOGS.



ASTRIDE MY NOBLE GRAY, CHEST THROWN OUT, HEAD ERECT AND MAJESTIC, BRAGGO THE UNIMITABLE!



BOWING RIGHT AND LEFT TO THE LADIES AS THEY GO ADMIRINGLY BY.



HOLDING MY SEAT GRACEFULLY WHEN HE CANTERS, A HEROIC SPECTACLE.



WITH A FIRM GRIP WHEN HE STUMBLES—WON'T I MAKE A HIT!—BRAGGO, A GENTLEMAN OF POLISH!



He'll Surely Make a Hit When He Goes Riding in the Park.

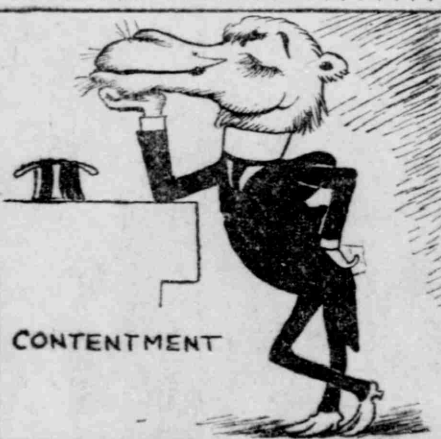
STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.



CRAFTINESS



SURPRISE



CONTENTMENT



ANGER



JOY



SORROW

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

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1. MR. GURGLE—Yes; I was one of the best scouts in the army.
GEORGE—Oh, Mr. Gurgle! Please show us. Gertie and I will be the enemy; we'll stand behind this wall; you go up the street and scout down on us. We'll promise not to look.



2. MR. GURGLE (aside)—Oh, I haven't lost my scouting ability. I'll surprise them, all right.
GEORGE—Your father is a regular E. Z. Mark, isn't he, sweetheart?



3. GERTIE (in a whisper)—I hear him coming.
GEORGE—S-s-s-h! So do I. (Loudly) Gertie, I am getting impatient. I don't believe your father has started yet.



4. MR. GURGLE—Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Now what do you think of that for scouting?
GEORGE AND GERTIE—WONDERFUL! The very ideal! And we under the impression you hadn't started yet!

He Had Met Jeremiah.

A traveller going to New Zealand was asked by a friend if he would inquire, while there, as to the whereabouts of the friend's grandfather, Jeremiah Thompson. "Certainly," said the traveller, and wherever he went he asked for news of the ancestor, but without avail. One day he was introduced to a fine old Maori of advanced age. "Did you ever meet with an Englishman named Jeremiah Thompson?" he asked. A smile passed over the Maori's face. "Most him," he repeated. "Why, I ate him!"—Ladies Home Journal.

A Timely Suggestion.

Some persons think that President Roosevelt's spelling reform should be applied to music also, says the Musical Courier. Then we would have this simplified code: Simpson, Skerzo, Nokturn, Rapsodie, Fava, Qho, Cord, Baytown, Shopan, Polykufakee, Greg, Strous, Shooport, Shooman, Berlio, Gooon, Dandy, St. Sang, Putsheeny, Mascanyee, Hyde, List, Vogner, Glook, etc.

Business Is Business.

The Stranger—My friend, do you drink? Bloobs (haughtily)—That's my business, sir.
The Stranger—No doubt. But haven't you any other business? Pick-Me-Up.

Naturally.

Lady (entering a kitchen and noting policeman)—So you are the brother of my cook. Are you an only brother?
Officer—I hope so, madam—Megendorfer Bluetter.

Boiled 'Em Again.

"Look here, waiter, where are those soft-boiled eggs I ordered?"
"He cook boiled 'em too hard, sah, so he had to boil 'em over again."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dinkelspiel on Acquiring Wealth.

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

Home, Dis Veeck. MEIN LIEBER LOOBY—Ve haf recelved your letter from Hartford, Conn., and ve vas glad dot your neal' has got der right temperature, and dot pitzness vas good vare you vas drum-mezing on der road.

Ve notice in your letter, Looey, dot you vas getting an impatience because you don't get rich all at vunce, and your mother has asked me to speak mit you about it. To cure your impatience perhaps it would be a good idea for me to mention in dis letter, Looey, der inspiration vich drove Andrew Carnegie to become a rich man.

Dis is a leedle inside history, Looey, vich I would vish you to keep as a secret between father and son; and ven your great moment of inspiration comes go und do as likewise as possible.

In der meantime, Looey, recollection dot ve cannot all be Carnegies, and sneer not at your leedle \$25 per, because you should remembrance der old proverb vich says it: "Great oaths from leedle aching corns do grow."

Now mit regards to Anty. Andrew vas born during der Highbands of Scotland, but owing to der blessings of der Monroe doctrine he has nefer yet vore dem absent-minded clothes vich go py der name of kilts.

Like many udder great men Andrew began dis life py remaining a poor boy, vich teaches us der lesson, Looey, dot poverty is no crime, but it has a hard chob to convince der chury.

Andrew helped himself to about sixteen or sefenteen years before he decision to become rich, and den der ambition to rise ofer and above thirty cents' worth sarched and rolled around him like der resisting vaves of der ocean.

Der scene ven Andrew determination to become a millionaire is vna vich vill ofer live in der animals of history. It was yust before der visale blowed to vent to work at half-past six ven smoky morning in Pittsburg.

"Vait!" set Andrew, chumping upwaid, as der fairst skimpions svept ofer him. "Vait! dey vas calling!"
"You to der slag pile!" set der foreman.
"Vait!" set Andrew; "doan'd you hear dem? Ach, Himmel! see dem ofer dare, everyvare, mit oudstretched hands, beckoning at me."

"You to der veelbarrow!" set der foreman.
"Dinna ye hear der pibroch?" set Andrew. "Dinna ye cut dot oud or I vill gif you a poke in der Scotch slats!" set der foreman, passionately.

"On der breeze I hear der moosic!" vispered Anty, "und der moosic says der camels vas coming!"
"Back to der mining department!" shrieked der foreman.

"See!" set Andrew, "dare is a committee from Painted Post, N. Y. Mit oudstretched faces dey vas pleading for a library. See! dare is annuder committee from Piedmont, Vest Virginia, and dey vas yelling mit

Home, Dis Veeck.

run voice for a library! Look! dare is a bunch of pitzness men from Oshkosh struggling mit dare emotions and screaming for a revolving library!"

Der foreman turned his face pale mit speechless vunder.

"See!" set Andrew, "dare is der Mayor and Common Council of Sparrow's Point, Md., on dare knees, begging for literature mit pictures in it. See dem, everyvare, und all pleading for books vich haf a smooth running gear und vich look vell on der motor table ven company comes. I can be a veslager no longer. Doody calls me, and I must answer der bell. From dis time onward no more am I a poor young man. Henceforth und forever I refusal to be der motorman on a veelbarrow!"

Den young Andrew Carnegie, mit a hectic fourloush on each cheek, threw down der shovel, skinned off his overalls und walked out of der steel mill a rich man.

Dis teaches us der lesson, Looey, dot vare dare is a vill dare is a vay, but der vill doan'd amount to much unless you know der vay.

After becoming a rich man Andrew reversed der current und started in to gif it all back, mit der exception of nineteen millions, vich he took ofer to Scotland to show der Highbands dot charity begins at home und likes to stay dare as much as possible.

You vill find, Looey, dot der life of Andrew Carnegie teaches us der lesson dot a library looks vell in any town, but a bank robbery makes a deeper impression.

Yours mit luft.

D. DINKELSPIEL.

Per George V. Hobart.

Eddy's Face.

Ex-Congressman Eddy, of Minnesota, was known as the homeliest man in Congress. He had, in the opinion of his opponents, "wabbled" on the silver issue in the campaign of 1896. A few years later he was to speak in a small town, and on arriving he saw in an opposition newspaper a headline to the effect that "Two-Faced Eddy Speaks Here To-night." That evening when he stood before his audience he said in his low, sympathetic voice: "You know, ladies and gentlemen, that I'm not the man referred to in this paper. He must be some one else, for there is no one here who does not know that if I had two faces I would wear the other one."—Kansas City Journal.

Male Teachers Vanishing.

The number of male teachers in the United States is steadily decreasing. Statistics show that while in 1870 the percentage of male teachers was 41 and in 1872 it had increased to 42.8, in 1880-90 it had fallen to 34.5; in 1890-1900 it dropped to 29.9 and in 1903 it reached 25. Of the total number of teachers 113,744 were men and 341,498 women.—The Argonaut.

The Study of Poetry.

Never before was there so much study of poetry and the drama. This is due to the modern extension of education and to the spread of reading matter among the masses. Poetry is not the fashion of an hour; it is an eternal need of the soul—a need that increases with the increase of intellectual light.—Edwin Markham in Success.